

A VIEW FROM A SMALL COURT

SPRING 2025- HAIKU

J. O. M. &

T. P. SEAVAN 

A long walk on a cliff
I urinate,
Who is down below?

In an atoll
The white hydrogen
Light

In a false morning
Police gun down
My neighbor's dog

A two-toned goldfish
In the conservatory pond
Eating scum off a branch

A dog dead on the highway belly up

I
A nervous
System

In commands
And controls, there are many
Small gods

Spring Sun
Through a slit
On her thigh, far away

She's scared

Of the ghosts
Our many ghosts

A White tower's
Vivisection
A telephone line

Calculus
In the head of a finch
Before my tire

The bottom
Of the Spring ocean
A steel coffin

A clear jewel-box,
Also the death
Of a Jerusalem Cricket

One hundred
Eyes slashing
An image of ink saying nothing

Turning nothing
Into nothing
Then dying

Sun-dancers
In the dead Spring
A view from a small court

A phosphene
In the shape
Of a deciduous circle.

Sunshowers
Annihilating senses
Into suicides

Searching for an image
Her translucent tendons turning
To Safflowers in her wrists

Earth-exhaling
A headless
Black Phoebe's corpse's
Wisteria shoots

Rotating,
My fan hums
A type of song

Teleologists smuttering
Afterwards the bright
Winnowing violeteras

Clairvoyeurism
Of a glower
In the groundless ground

Water
Condensing on

A false Chintamani Stone

**In min ouer-non,
Oure ouer-walten
Ewer**

**Screens lifting
Seances off paper-doors
Obliviate exits**

**A balcony across
A balcony, the two
Balconies across**

**Who half-bores
Stone-holes?**

**Chlorine
In the dead future I
Dread chlorine**

**Semi-flat black expanses falling
Into themselves
At the end of time, a Buddha's birthday**

**Milk-flowers
Disassembling in
Early morning**

**Considering totalities,
All of life**

Is slime

**Germinating pineseeds
My bootprints
Holding pineseeds**

**Fabricating
My death-throes,
Practicing a rattle**

**An archive
Of utterances leading
To some young men's deaths**

A sutra is three black spires some nights covered in fog

are some people whose voices become yours in your own head for sometime after

Gazelle laying on a black-horse's back in a namesake Carmel

In two connectedly separate shorewise-complexes two girls are looking through their refrigerators

The May-god rests easy in the silt.

My only own-image, wedded outward in the convex of a crack-pipe.

A long season over the waters the globe rolling backwards in to a no-bunker

The incised folds of a hollow colossus groaning again

empty cloud is falling and falling apart

The center of the sun explodes and already arrives

raptors and odd-fingered mammals.

A place when two other places are connected,

Getting home at night my room in jewel-light

just enough for a few songs before dying.

What is natural, is starving.

Kicked down the steps, at the final step instantiating.

Watching insects beat glass some cats and I

A god's dwelling place a street lamp-post.

A yellow spider turning white after some days in the changeling-flower

the lights of the sea-bar Poseidon are not reflections until much later

Stretching gelatinous worms with my teeth, last bus south passing.

“My friend, she has married a beautiful Djinn

Two coasts of some millions over the same ocean has rain for all of us

‘If I could see the light-play of a curtain please, now somewhere else as the sun sets

Is the buried life publishable like an orange?

A hermitage of precipitates collecting on my sun-shields

A spider. A woman, a spider.

Following a lance into an inscribing stone, who is a blind monk

Switching places with myself, eating watermelon.

Five arrangements by the poet SEAVAN,
composed on the Metro with Julian.

“

RAPTURE'S FIELDS
OUR OUTER HEARTS' HOLLOW-FIBRES
THROUGH PAPER-WEIGHT SAPPHIRES.

“

THE WORLD IN
A MINE IN KASHMIR REMEMBERING
THE ROUND STONES OF HER EYES' SHADOWS.

“

ICE SHEETS ADVANCING
ICE DRIVING SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND
YEARS PAVED OUT OVER THE CONTINENT.

“

WAITING FOR THE NIGHT
NAKED EXPRESSIONS OUT RING
'SILVER-SPUN DAYS', SIN SINGS.

“

SHE CRIES AGAIN I SAY AGAIN
ANOTHER WALL
ANOTHER FRAME I SEE AGAIN.

Some revisions,
as advised by the poet SEAVAN:

CARP UNDER IRON
WISTERIA THROUGH THEIR CAGE AND GILLS,
SKY SAGGING LIGHT RAIN

WHELP LAPPING UP ALCOHOLS
A DYING HONEYBEE
ONE NOT THE OTHER.

I WATCH
A SERIES OF CRASHES AND MUTILATIONS
ON AN APP ON MY PHONE

EYE SLIP
IN A CURTAINED WINDOW
I AM TAUGHT OF LOVE

FILTERING SHIT KRILL ARE OUT OF
THE NITROGENOUS GRANITE.

BEFORE THE NEXT WAR
IN FIELDS OF SPACE FOUNTAIN GRASSES BURN
AIRS OF REGRET AND SILENCE

MACHINES ON
MACHINES, THEN I AND
DUNGHILLS SERENE IN THE MECHANIC SPRING

OUT SOAP RENDERING
SHARK IMPRESSINGS
OF A DOUBLE-GIRL IN A CANDLENUT

WHITE WINGS

A TIGER DANCES

ON REASONLESS ARCHES

MYSELF

HANGING

IN

THE

PUBLIC-HALL

NEW HITLER YOUTH

BORN TODAY

Credits for some objects in the spring 2025 haiku collection: yappingward, glacieat, blown_through, Rhongkhokbzagsa, herrejemine, ishmael77119078, twowaysmet, astigmatic_eye, vylpill,

Commentary recorded in the American Approximations of the Variegated Lives of JULIAN OLIVEROS MONTANA: An Album in 144 Parts